As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.
Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot. *Enter Green.*
Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men;
Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At *Rauenspurg.*
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his young sonne, *Henry Percy,*
The Lords of Rosse, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby.*
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traytors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, (brook
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullen.*
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.
Bush. Despaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will

I will despaire, and be at emnity
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.
Enter Yorke.
Gree. Here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words.
Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and griefe:
Your husband he is gone to save farre off,
Whilst others come to make his losse at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes his sicke houre that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why so, goe all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on *Herefords* side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashy to my sister *Glosters,*
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.
Yo. Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven
(So my vntruth hath not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we doe for money for these warres?

Come